see the sights.

He will find the domestic interests of the ha

infes, and sometimes 500 dogs are on Front rest at one time. Dog fights occur a dozen me an hour, and no one gives more than a saing glance at them.

The word of them are them as the more than its quots of cange characters. The mort famous man is avin, the prize fighter. He went up there is August. He has wanted to sail his share

PROPER IN THE KLONDLE

The state of the stat paved with well-scrubbed cubblestones laid in some geometrical design. Lofty pecan trees shade the inclosure. Fragrant roses bloom here the year round. In the centre is a well with old wooden buckets and washing stones which the women use instead of boards. A copper-colored nurse girl walks up and down crooning Indian charms to the pink and white baby in her arms. A yellow dog follows, barking at her heels. The other children of the administrador at and before the aviary in one corner of the administrador at and before the aviary in one corner of the administrador at and before the aviary in one corner of the administrador at and the rooms is the kinchen, a dark room with smoke-colored walls and musty corners. As from 200 to 500 people are employed about the house alone, there should be no lack of kinchen service. There are two chief cooks and a host of assistants. Knowing that the owners of this hacienda pride themitiate the surprised to ease teness, the visitor will not be surprised to ease teness, the visitor will not be surprised to ease teness, the visitor will he kitchen, a modern range with all the accompaniments. But he must expect to find it rusty and unblacked, for the Artec hag who is chief priestess of that department hasn't the faintest idea of how to take care of it. She has a private charcoal fire of her own on the floor in one corner and her most artistic work is sure to be done over it.

Across the court is the dining room, often as the contract of the stream of the court is the dining room often as the court of the virtues of Chihubahus beer. With that all effort at adornment stops. The table in the centre of the room is very high, the chairs around it very low, so that one's chin is just about on a tevel with the tablecloth. That is generally thought to be very convenient, as it forth the virtues of Chihubahus beer. With that all effort at adornment stops. The table in the centre of the room is very high, the chairs around it very low, so that one's chin is just about on the tablecloth. The M

There is a carpet of heilitant have upon the brick floor instead of the observed and more astistic perfects that are found in the other rows. A set of came bottomen, bentwood furniture is arranged in processional symmetry against the walls. The main space of the room is filled with poliched tables which hold a profusion of brick-bone, perfumery bottles, calluloid picture of the room stands a piano, the worse's boy and the travellor's solace. For those people can play, One daughtler touches the keys while another take up her quitar. One so plays the mandolin and another the clarinet. As the man and the state of the room stands a piano, the worse's boy and the travellor's solace. For those people can play, One daughtler touches the keys while another take up her quitar. One son plays the mandolin and another the clarinet. As the man and the state of the room stands are the solar to the room stands a piano, the worse, and the miles beck at them through the room of th cut because of that and sought the seclusion of the then isolated Oil Creek country in Pennsylvania. His going there was not an aimless journey. For several years the New York drug frm of Eveloth & Bissell had been manufacturing a liniment which those whose memories can go back forty-five years or so will remember as the 'Mustang Liniment,' a preparation famous for its far-reaching odor. That odor came from the liniment's base, which was a natural oil obtained from the surface of a spring on property which the drug firm owned near Titusville, Pa. This uil was collected by dip ping blankets in the spring and wringing out the oil they absorbed. Thus a gallon or so of it was gathered and shipped to the New York true firm from Titusville daily for several years

"In the fall of 1858 the New York drug house turned over its holding in the Cranford county oll spring property to a firm in New Haven to which it was indebted. A member of the New Haven firm was a great friend of Drake and when the latter got into trouble his friend advised him to go away for a time and to utilize his time by looking over the Cranford county property. That was why Drake sought particularly the Oil Creek wilderness as the place

shake his garments for centipedes before he puts them en, look in his shees for transitilas, and then, secure in mind and body, go forth to see the sights.

He will find the domestic interests of the haciciond are clustered round the central patio. But there are other courts where baby burros instead of bay boys have their playground. In such a court are tile-roofed warerooms full of grain. Here, too, the horse-voiced nightingale of Mexico, the patient, sore-backed burro, is corralled. With loud cries half-naked herders drive here each night fat-sided swine and lean razor-backed hogs to their respective pens.

In smother court may be heard, ne sound of the patients would be sufficient to the dirty foor. Propped against the wall are new ploughs, all made of wood, and quite as primitive as those in use centuries ago. But when all that the soil needs is a scretching, wood is as serviceable as steel. Here, too, are henbouses and coachhouses and machine-houses. A great brick oven is built into the wall in one place. Near hy are buge boilers used for making soap. One little room is devoted to the use of the tortilla girl. She is a bright-gred Indian maid, with dimples in her copper cheeks, in her bronze elbows, and the curves of her pink-sole feet. Her teeth are white and gleaming, for they have seldom masticated anything but commissions of the cortillas in the heat and soke out the cirl only shows her dimples and her white teeth when he asks her. First ahe soaks the corn in lime water to remove the hulls, then she crushes it between two stones, mixes it with water to make a dough, and defly molds it into thin cakes which she cooks on an earthen plate over a charcoal fire, turning them constantly to keep them from burning.

A barred gate leads from this last court into a garden, which is not when he would have a dough, and defly molds it into thin cakes which she cooks on an earthen plate over a charcoal fire, turning them constantly to keep them from burning.

A barred gate leads from the sole of the server of the h "Everybody knows how Drake's investiga tions led to the origin and building up of the great petroleum industry of this country by which almost unprecedented private fortunes have been made, but everybody doesn't know that William A. Smith was the man who put down the first drill and was the only man that could be induced to undertake the crazy job. as the Oil Creekers called it. He began the well on July 1, 1859, working the drill with his foot and a spring pole. On the morning of Aug. 30, having quit work the night before with the drill down nearly seventy feet and no oil in sight, Smith went out and found the well full of oil, and in a short time he dipped from it a barrelful. That original barrel of crude petroleum was sold in Pittsburg for \$24. Drake was no longer a lunatic. He became instantly the lion of the Oil Creek Valley. The news of the discovery was flashed over the country from Pittsburg, and the memorable oil excite-ment began. Drake never made a dollar out of his discovery and subsequent oil operations, and after a few years left the of: regions almost enniless. Ten years later the State of Pennsylvania granted him a pension of \$1,500 a year. vania granted him a pension of \$1,500 a year, and but for this, in spite of the millions he had caused to flow into other pockets, he would have filled a pauper's grave. Tinecum Bill Snith, who put down the original oil well, died a destitute old man, and it isn't likely that half a dozen men in the oil trade to-day ever knew of the interesting part ne took in the starting of the business.

business.
remember a good many persons who were poor one day and became millionaires the next, without an effort on their part, and main who struggled hard to gain the good fortune that at last came to them. The first of the flowing wells to become famous along Oil Creek was the Funk well. It was struck in June, 1861. It began flowing at the rate of 300 barreis a day. The farm on which this well was drilled belonged to John Funk a Vename county for the struck of the owner of the hacienda. Here he hamented dead of his race, here worship the retainers of his house. A priest says mass there every Sundist and saint's day. The place is a holy spot and it is believed to be well for the proprietors of the hacienda to have given the spirit of the Most High an abiding place among them.

This estate is a small community in itself. Over among the fires are blacksmiths at work in their sdobe smithler. Priest, Justice of the Peace and notary public live here. All classes gather at the bacienda store. "La Provedora," to gossip over their purchases of calleo and cirarettes. If it is the season when the funas are ripe, a beon woman will be squatting outside the door with a heap of tunus before her for asile. She has a sharp knife and knows how to peel them without sticking the thorns into her fingers, a difficult task for the stranger. Her hands and arms are gory with the red juice. On one side of her lies a drunken, ragged woman asleep in the sun with her rebox pulled over her head. On the other side a young man is stretched out at his indolent length. His open shirt shows that over his heart he wears a precious raile. It is a piece of dirty rag that has been blessed by the holy pndre, he says with a smile on his handsome, melancholy countransnee, and is guaranteed to preserve him from all harm. While he is talking an older man comes in sight, bearing something on his head which maffees him walk with steady shoulders and measured tread. Is it a tray of dulees that he has for sale! No, it cannot be; the board he carries is decorated with tissue paper streamers and fresh flowers. As the man comes nearer the stranger sees a little brown face peeping out. rom the flowers—a pinched little face with closed eyes and drawn nostrils. A puny hand hangs lifeless at one side and two they for a returned up to the sky. It is a baby, a little dead baby, the child probably of the man who poises it so carefully on his head. He is making straight for a quiet nook over in the dreary, dusty Campo Santo, whe

oneed to John Fank, a Venamo county farmer, who, like all the rest of the farm owners in that rezion, had never been able to produce on his farm more than enough to keep himself and family alive. The leases, royalites, and interests inth the secured from persons anxious to operate on his farm made him more than a mill.

This main had before the region had received the name of The Fountain, and before the region had recovered from its astonialment caused by the Funk well, the Phillips well, on the Tarr farm, penetrated the sand, and began spouting 2,000 barrels a day. Jim Tarr, the owner of the land, was a teamster in the employ of the Collins drilling Tambedmen. While that well was going down, which gave it its name. As in the case of Juhn Funk, Jim T. rr. became a rich man, as one might say, in a day. His farm yielded its distribution of the farm of \$2,000. The deal was not completed. The Phillipses had leased the part of the tract where the well was going down, which gave it its name. As in the case of Juhn Funk, Jim T. rr. became a rich man, as one might say, in a day. His farm yielded it will be a supplemental the say of the farm yielded it will be a supplemental to the say of the farm yielded it will be a supplemental to the say of the farm of the farm yielded it will be a supplemental to the say of the farm yielded it will be supplementally and dipped so largely in speculation, than when he died, in 1871, his magnificent fortune was but a shadow of its former self.

"Another was Jim Sherman, He had no money to begin with, but human, He had no money to begin with, but his had no money to begin with, but his had no money to begin with, but his well, and he had no money to purchase one. Two men who had no money to purchase one. Two men who had no money to purchase one. Two men who had no money to purchase one. Two men who had no money to purchase one. Two men who had no money to purchase one. Two men who had no money to begin with the \$75 capital was allowed the subsposed of the interest for \$60 and a shotgu

THE HEAVY PEDAL. And a Reminiscence That the Use of it Brings to a Father's Mind. "The children's practicing on the plane doesn't disturb the." said a father, "or it wouldn't if they would play without putting on the heavy pedal, but they won't do that-no child can. They play along for a few notes lightly, and then the foot instinctively seeks the lever, and down goes the heavy pedal and in comes tho bang and boom. It makes more noise, and all children like noise, just as people of mature

years are apt to like peace and quiet.

"I don't object to noise as such, myself; in fact, I rather like uproar and excitement at

fice Cream Gratis with a Five Cent Meal. The restaurant keepers on the Bowery who charge 5 and 10 cents for a regular meal have a

new rival, who, although he has not cut the

new rival, who, although he has not cut the price of meals, gives free lee cream with every meal. Blg, flering signs announce that one can got a good meal, and a plate of the cream throwh in, all for a nickel. The new restaurable is on the lower part of the Bowery, and like most, Howery restaurable is open day and night, since the opening there has been a continuous atream of Howeryits in and out of the place.

fact, I rather like uproar and excitement at appropriate times and places. I am reminded just now of a noisy Fourth of July eve, some thirty-odd years ago, when from a long line of intrenchments there was fired from some hundreds of guns and mortars a shotted salute of I don't know how many rounds in hombardment of the enemy's works, while the other side fired in return. The sholls from the mortars, with fuses burning, rose and fell, crossing one another in their flight, and the boom of the guns of one size and another came to the car with sounds that were impressive and stirring. "There the noise was all right, but I should never dream of such a thing as setting up a mortar battery in my back yard, or of mounting a battery of 100-pound Parroit guns in the kitchen and opening fire every right immediately after dinner, because I don't like noise at home.

part of the State. This brother was in love with a young woman of his village who was known there as a great comette. One night be excerted the girl to a travelling Indian abow in the village, and, as the story groes, on the way home after the show made a proposal of marriage and was rejected. The litted youth had long been thinking of trying his fortunes in the oil country, and mow he determined to go there and forget the coquetitish maid. That night, however, he wont to sleep with his head so full of Indians, coquettes and oil wells that he had a dream in which they were all combined. In this dream he fancied that he was being pursued by a blood thirsty Indian, whose evident intention was to take his life. The dreamer was unarrised and he had abandoned all hope of escaping the tomahawk and scalping knife of his for, when the girl who had illued him appeared on the scene.

"She approached from a distance, but so rapidly that she was at the spot almost instantly, and, more to the young man. He took it, aimed it at the Indian and fired. When the smoke cleared away the Indian was gone, and the girl disappeared slowly, smiling sweetly on the youth as she went. From the spot on which the Indian had stood—it was in a barren, wild, forbidding country—a fountain of oil began flowing, and ran over the land in a large stream.

the youth as she went. From the spot on which the Indian hal stood—it was in a barren, wild, forbidding country—a fountain of oil began flowing, and ran over the land in a large stream. When the dreamer awake he interpreted his dream as of good omen to him in both love and business. He varred for the OilCreek country the next day, Arriving there he sought out his brother at the Hyde & Egbert farm. The brother naturally took him over the farm to see its wonders. Furing this trip over the farm the visitor sudden lystopped, and, pointing to a particular spot, exclaimed, much to the surprise of his brother:

"It's the very spot, the very spot!"

"Then, recovering himself, and not ng his brother's astonishment, he related to his brother the dream he had had, which also required him to make known the discouraging termination of his love affair. The brother, having faith in dreams, like many of the oil well drillers and speculators of that day—and of this day, too, for that matter—set men at work at once drilling a well on the spot indicated by his visitor. The drill struck the sand rich, and the result was a spouter of 2,000 barrols a day. The well was named the Coquette, and it was such a wonder for the time that it was entirely inclosed and an admittance fee charged to see it spouting. By this little manifestation of the showman trait alone the owners of the well made several thousand dollers. The Coquette well yielded so well that after Hyde & Egbert had divided nearly \$1,000,000 from its returns, they sold a twelfth interest in it for \$250,000. Hyde & Egbert continued to coin unoney in the Oil Creek country for years. I don't know what ever became of Hyde, but Egbert retired with millions, which he lost in speculation, and the last time I heard of him he was living at Frank lilin a poor man.

"Of course, the young man whose vivid dram bad led to the drilling of the tengus and

specifiators. It has no parallel, perhaps, in the history of American speculative enterprises, the comparatively brief period of its profitable career being considered. It was started with a capital of \$200,000, the par value of the shares being \$20. In 1859 a party of Pittsburg men had purchased what was known as the Story farm, on Oil Creek, for \$2,000. The farm was

being \$20. In 1859 a party of Pittsburg menhad purchased what was known as the Story farm, on Oil Creek, for \$2,000. The farm was purchased of them in 1862 for \$130,000. Wells were sunk upon it and when oil was at its lowest the company was producing 1,500 barrels more a day than it could dispose of.

"The stock/ell to/\$2 a share. In the summer of 1862 oil began to find a market abroad, and the price advanced rapidly, and it was not long before stock is the Columbia' Oil Company was worth five times its par value, or \$100 a share. From September, 1862, until April, 1864, the company made good all its losses, which were a good many thousands of dollars, and divided \$300,000 among the stockholders, who were few. During the months of April, May, and June, 1864, there were divided among the stockholders \$275,000. The next five months returned \$700,000 in profits to the company, the total dividends in a little over two years being nearly six,times the amount of the capital stock.

"When the stock of the company was down to \$2 a share a shoemaker named Krautz had \$400. It was every dollar he had in the world and it was the ravings of years of labor at his beach. He invested it all in stock of the Columits of the company were called in. New stock was lasued at \$50 a share, holders of old stock receiving five new ones for each one of the original in their possession. Krautz, having held on to his 200 shares, received 1,000 new ones as his portion of the profits of the increase in capital. He had received \$24,000 in dividends in a year and a half, and in December, 1864, sloth is stock for \$50,000. In 1855 the Columba of the romany's profits began to decrease, but if paid dividends for more than fifteen years after that, and owns its original property to-day, enough for any man to have."

RETREAT OF THE SAILORMAN.

OIL COUNTRY FORTUNES. FARMER WHO KEPT HALF A

MILLION IN A LOG CABIN. came being Believe to Hanks and Se-came Famous by Being Robbed of Raif His Reard — What Made His Wife Angry-

BOLIVAR, N. Y., April 16,-No obscure oil region farmer ever jumped into fame with greater rapidity than John Bennehoff just about thirty years ago. He became famous in a night. His fame came from his habit of keep ing half a million dotlars in gold and currence in a safe in his low house because he was afraid the banks were not safe. Bennehoff was a typical Backwoods raruse

who was land poor when the oil boom swept along Oil Creek in Pennsylvania early in the sixties. He owned a big block of land at a bend in Oil Creek midway between Titusville and Oil City. Down across his clearing flowed Benneboff Run, a trout stream that he named after himself. He lived in a roomy log house, with a roof made of shingles shaved by hand. His nearest neighbor lived a quarter of a mile away. He was satisfied to grub a living from his sidehill farm. When the spring floods came he piloted a raft down to Pittsburg and walked back. That satisfied his desire to see the outside world until spring came around again, He was a hard-headed old fellow, with little sentiment about him and not a touch of vanity. When the oil boom made him rich he did not quit work, nor did he change his mode of living. He continued to carry eggs and butter to the country storekeeper, and drove just as close exchange bargains as before.

Bennehoff's 300-acre tract was wonderfully

productive. Some of the wells flowed 400 bar-rels a day. The oil was bought at the wells and paid for on the spot by dealers who carried big rolls of currency in gripsacks. Bennehof received \$1,000 an acre bonus and a royalty of one-half the oil produced for some sections of his tract. In those days oil frequently sold for \$10 and \$12 a barrel at the well and was

received \$1,000 an acre bonus and a royalty of one-half the oil produced for some sections of his tract. In those days oil frequently sold for \$10 and \$12 a barrel at the well and was either shipped down oil Creek in flatboats or hauled away in barrels on wagons. Bennebul's income was enormous, and the money came so fast that he was bewildered. One piece of land he refused to part with at any price, because he reserved it for a potato patch. When he had accumulated a big wad of money he carried it to a bank and deposited it. Before long the bank falled and he lost his money and his confidence in banks. Then he bought a safe, placed it in his house, and carried the key in his pocket. In this safe he stored his weslit as it poured in to him. It gradually became noised about that he had a safe full of gold and greenbacks. His neighbors warned him to be watchful of thieves. He invariably replied that his money was as safe in his house as in any bank. The story of his safe full of money inally reached Jim Seager, a gambler at Seagortown, thirty miles away. Seager gos four young fellows to help him, and sent to Baltimore for two professional burglars to do the job. A night on which Benneboff's son was teatend a dance was decided on for the robbery. It was Jan. 21, 1868.

The gang drove to the Benneboff farm aboua midnight, put their team in the barn, and walked quickly to the house. The hired man was gaged and Bennehoff, his wife, and his daughter were securely bound. The burglars forced the safe door open and took out \$260,000, two-thirds of it in gold. The thieves then went leisurely about setting supper for th-spasicles, sampling Mrs. Bennehoff's mince pies and bread and butter. They found two pans of milk, cream and all. I asked them to let me skim it, but they mocked me, the wrethes!

After bidding their victims good night, the gang blached up and drove away. On the barn foor the next morning was found a backage containing twenty odd thusand dellar that had secidentally been left behind by the robbers of the gan

contained \$200,000, and the thirves overlooked it. A few months after the robbery Bennehoff sold his farm for another fortune and removed to Greenville, Pa., where he died in 1882. After making a dozen men rich, the Bennehoff farm is to-day practically descried, so far as petroleum is concerned.

Sam Crawford, an old farmer, who lived near Criswell City, in Armstrong county, Pa., was also a mark for thieves. This was in 1872. He lived in a one-story log house and when oil was struck he came into the poscession of \$15,000 in a lump. He was afraid of banks, and kept his money in a trunk in his attic. Crawford was a vain old fellow, and delighted to display his wealth, which was all in greenbacks. He was always fearing that his bills would get mouldy, he said, so he used to take them out of the trunk and spread them on the grass in his orchard on be last afternoons, perhaps for the reason that he had nothing else to do. A Pittsburg thef heard of Crawford and visited that section. He enlisted two farmer boys in a acheme to rob the old man, and it was carried out. The Pittsburg man secured the money and forgot to divide up before going away. The farmer boys were arrested and had to suffer for playing the role of tools for the man from Pittaburg.

DRUNK ON FROZEN ANTS.

The Plight of a Lot of Maine Lumbermen Who Could Not Get Brink.

WILLIMANTIC, Mc., April 15 .- The ownership and management of this and three or four ad-joining townships are vested in a Connecticus thread company, which has already cut off thousands of acres of white birch and converted the white sapwood into spools. The company not only owns the land and the mills, but it is sole proprietor of every store, boarding house and brush or log shanty for ten miles around. By this means the corporation is enabled to

sole proprietor of every store, boarding house and brush or log shanty for ten miles around.

Sits Name Still Beenis After He Had Nade an Eleguent and Convincing Ples.

"Some of these naval heroes of ours are queer ducks."

He nut it in that slangy way, slihough be was a learned advocate of the State of Connecticut.

"Yes, I come across them in the police court at New London sometimes. No use trying to dissemble or cloak the fact that United San's sallors do turn up in police courts, though, or course, it's generally an accident, in the lock of that case was accident. I call him Donnis though I never did believ that at was his name, on the ship's books. When they brought him to the lockup, charged with being drunk and discorder, and case was accident. I call him Donnis though I never did believ that that was his are in the ship's books. When they brought him to the lockup, charged with being drunk and discorder, and saked his name, he said:

"That is seems to me my name is Donnis, isn't if I And they led it go at that on the slate. That is what I learned afterward. The first I saw of Dennis was when he was brought into court the next morning. He was very young this own defence, which an eloquent speech in At the end of that speech the Court was apparently satisfied that Dennis had been nerfectly solver, and that the real drunk and disorderly—a the said of the said of the said of the speech the Court was apparently satisfied that Dennis had been nerfectly solver, and the disorderly—a the said of the said of the speech the Court was apparently satisfied that Dennis had been nerfectly solver, and the said of the said and form of the court of the arresting officer would be reprilamented for bunding, and lonnis discovered that the real drunk and disorderly—a the said of the said and disorderly—a the said of the said and disorderly—a the said of the sa